HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES, OR THE VALUE OF A PULL.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific.

From the New York Journal.

Whenever a big mining, stock jobbling or financial scheme comes to the ground with a crash that shakes the world of that class of people, one of whose members, according to the late Hungry Joe, is born every minute, somewhere among the ruins is found Colonel "Bob" Ammon, attorney and

Sometimes he is cast up by the catyclasm, as in the case of the Franklin syndicate, as attorney only; sometimes he fig-ures as a principal, sometimes as a customer, but he is always the same stout, while he has emerged yet more prosperous. Whether he is in his capacity of investor, getting men out of jail on the

hearty, bluff plea of a game loser that they are merely employes, or whether, in his Western guise, he is making wide tracks across the country in some mining district with Winchesters popping behind him, he with Winchesters popping behind him, he is always the same calm colonel, with his wits all about him and seothing, specious words dropping from his unquivering lips. It is estimated that the colonel has done more successful explaining than anybody in America. Give a fair field with him and polivestor who has suddenly discovered that he has been buying preferred shares of moonshine and dreams will hold his rancor in the face of Colonel Ammon's talk.

Just new Colonel Ammon is extremely distressed over the persecution of his Napoleonic young friend, William Miller. The colonel is a large, blustering man, with a heavy dark brown mustache. His relations with Miller were never closer than lawyer and client, he says. A coincidence is that during the last days of the Franklin Syndicate there appeared in the offices a large, blustering man with a heavy dark brown mustache who gave orders to Miller himself, but this man's name was Louis Slessinger-Miller himself said that was the man's name, and he certainly should have known.

A wonderful career has been that of

that was the man's name, and he certainly should have known.

A wonderful career has been that of Colonel Ammon. Sir Francis Drake and the other gentleman adventurers who lived three centuries ago never had half the adventures nor made them pay half so well.

The colonel's start is lost in the past, so is the origin of his military title, but he was a brakeman on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railroad at the time of the Pittsburg strike in 1877, and his adventures during that strike are the first in the known series.

Since that time the colonel has been a brilliant figure in many fields. He went West and appeared like a meteor in Montana. In the strictest confidence he let it be known that he had left the largest criminal law practice in New York to develop the gold mines of Montana. His largeness of speech and presence, his commanding style took the Judith Basin country by storm.

He became the manager of the Gilt Edge

cont and in his shirt sleeves presided at the banquet.

The New York Mining exchange was organized, and Colonel Robert A. Ammon was its president.

The members of the Mining exchange lost many nights sleep and some other articles of value before they got the presidency away from him.

There was in New York in 1896 a former police captain, Joe Eakins, whom the Lexow disclosures forced from the department. He had money and there one day dawned on the street the firm of Ammon & Dakins. They had the most palatial bucket shop the street has ever known. It was on the ground floor of No. 45 and 47 New street, and was furnished in mahogany and silk plush. Persian rugs protected the Wilton carpet, the clerks worked behind beautiful fret work of burnished brass, the ceilings were rarely frescoed; the place was a palace. Eakins did not last long in ceilings were rarely frescoed; the place was a palace. Eakins did not last long in

"The captain was too conservative." explained Colonel Ammon. "If I knew the bears intended to raid a stock and a customer came in and wanted to buy this stock. I would take his order, knowing it would decline. I would simply take the profit and carry the deal myself. What is the use of wasting money? But the captain didn't like this way of doing business, though it is all straight and square, of course, so I am now running the business myself."

A TEXAS WONDER.

Hall's Great Discovery, One small bottle of Hall's Great Discovery cares all kindney and bladder trouble, removes gravel, cures diabetes, seminal emissions, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder, in both men and women, regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggist, will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1\$. One small bottle is two months' treatment, and will cure any case above mentioned. E. W. Hall, sole manufa urer, post box 629, Saint Louis, Mo., formerly Waco. Texas. Send for testimonials. Sold by druggists everywhere and Federmann & Hallar, 304 Main street, Kansas City.

Read This.

BOWLING GREEN, Mo., July 13, 1898.—Dr. E. W. Hall, St. Louis, Mo. Dear Sir: We have been selling your Texas Wonder, Hall's Great Discovery, for two years and recommend it to anyone suffering with any kidney trouble as being the best remedy we have ever sold. Yours truly, PURNELL & DAVIS.

Miller, was arrested on complaint of Albert tained \$250. This trifle bothered the dought; colonel no more than the shaking of the flower by the gentle wind bothers the honey gathering bee. Within a month the Falk transaction was

gathering bee.

Within a month the Falk transaction was forgotton and the colonel was rising with his hand in the breast of his dignified frock coat, appealing to the court to set free two men arrested in connection with the E. S. Dean swindle. In this particular bunco game the colonel appeared as a victim—it made his course appear disinterested and lent force to his argument. The colonel assured the court that one man was only a bookkeeper in the dead concern and the other one of the dupes.

The magistrate told the colonel he would have to get the consent of the district attorney before the men would be discharged. "Exactly, your honor," said the colonel cheerfully, "the district attorney before the men would be discharged. "In that event," said Magistrate Brann, "I will discharge Goslin and Lemberg."

Assistant District Attorney Allen, who had charge of the prosecution of the Dean swindlers, was astonished and indignant when he heard the men had been set free, but the mischlef was done. There was talk of disbarment proceedings and a grand jury investigation, but Colonel Ammon unlimbered his trenchant tongue and talked and talked and talked until the district attorney was convinced he had authorized the discharge of the men or was so tired out that he could no longer think straight. This the colonel did not consider an achievement at all. It was a mere triffe to take a couple of men out of jail.

Within two months the colonel was arrested in the raid on the bucketshop of McMillan & Co., and a month later he and William Sweetzer and William A. Woods were in custody again, this time charged with attempting to blackmall Samuel E. Keller, the remuted head of the Dean work. William Sweetzer and William A. Woods were in custody again, this time charged with attempting to blackmail Samuel E. Kellar, the reputed head of the Dean swindlers, out of \$30,000. Detectives were hidden in Kellar's room and overheard the whole proposition and saw the three receive marked bills. The case would have been absolute against any ordinary man, but the colonel talked it off, and in the interims between his flirtations with the criminal courts he organized the Yukon-Klondike Gold Mining and Trading Company. Associated with him in this venture were Lewis A. May and John F. Enright. The literature of the Yukon-Klondike Gold Mining and Trading Company reads like a prospectus Aladdin might have issued.

The Yukon-Klondike Co.

The Yukon-Klondike Co.

"Everybody cannot go to the Klondike," said the circular, "but everybody can buy shares in companies which are managed by practical mining men, who own producing tee of honesty.
"We caution our friends against investing in companies whose visionary promoters cannot deal in anything less than mil-

allowed to keep it.

"From that time on it was kind of wild, not staying in the house, but skulking around the barn. When it, was full grown it began to kill our chickens, so my stepfather said it had to go. This time he caught it and tied a stone around it and drowned it. After an hour or two he drew it from the water and buried it.

"Now comes the control of the control of the state of the

myself."

He did not run it long. There was some sort of a row and the colonel found himself dispossessed of his gorgeous offices.

As He Appeared in Court.

In April of 1897 Colonel Ammon, who was then in partnership with Nathaniel W.

and buried it.

"Now comes the part that is stranger than fiction. Two days after, the same old yellow cat dragged itself up to the barn. We visited the place where we had buried it and found it had come to life and rid liself of the stone, in what way I know not, and dug itself out.

"It stayed by the edge of our woods, getting the milk I set out every now and then, but disappeared when winter came."

### LIVE CATTLE ON SEAS

HOW BEEF ON HOOF IS SHIPPED ACROSS THE OCEAN.

ils of the Atlantie-How the Animals Are Stalled and Fed -Profits Not Large.

from the New York Sun

"From a hundred and fifty to two hun dred thousand live cattle, as near as I can make it, are shipped from here to England every year. There's half a dozen big firms n the business, headquarters in the West of course, and every one of 'em's got mil-lions tied up in fresh beef, alive or on ice." This came from the oldest boss cattle-man of perhaps the biggest firm in the business, and was introductory to what turned out to be a discourse on the shipping of cattle across the North Atlantic as conducted to-day. This pioneer had been discovered in surroundings conventional to

discovered in surroundings conventional to cattlemen ashore. His ship had docked less than an hour before, and now he was resting against the bar of the saloon nearest the wharf. With one foot on the floor railing, and one elbow on the bar, he looked perfectly at home.

"This is something like," had been his first coherent sentence to whomever it concerned. In response to a solicitous inquiry he continued more colierently, "Ten days, not to meation nights, my friends on the bosom of the salty sea gives a man a most magnificent thirst. Search the wide realms of chemical literature and you'll find nothing, I'll gamble, that says there's anythin'ill beat salt air and sait water for producin', nourishin' and quickly bringin' to its maturest development a fine thirst. It's lucky for mankind, now, there's a cure for it. And we've got it right here. The ale of old England may be all right, as somebody hinted a while ago, but it's the red eye of young America that wins my undiluted favor. Here's a shoot."

After the gurgling interlude the patriarch was brought back to the subject. "Nowadays," he began, "our cattle comes from the West and Canada and some from Mexico. "Twould surprise you now how much Canadian cattle are sent across. Yes, sir. Canadian cattle are mostly stallfed. They're kept in sheds through the long winter. That makes them quiet and easy to handle, so far as that goes, but now and then we get them pretty lively. I've seen Colorado steers—they're about the wildest sort—get pretty rampageous aboard now and then we get them pretty lively. I've seen Colorado steers—they're about the wildest sort—get pretty rampageous aboard ship. Let two or three of them loose down 'tween decks in the alleyways and they'll keep a crew stepping spry so as not to be too much in the way. But there's always a way to handle 'em. That's part of a cattleman's business, to straighten out little tangles like a mess of cattle sasshaying up and down the alleyways.

From Where Shipped.

"Most of the shipping in done from New York, Boson and Montreal. Some of it's done from Philadelphia and Norfolk and done from Philadelphia and Norloik and quite a little bit from Baltimore and Port-land. Maine does the shipping for Mon-treal in the winter time. The St. Lawrence, you see, ices up in the cold weather. Bos-ton, I guess, sends out the most. They have five big lines there that have accom-modations for eartle.

modations for cattle.

"A steamer has to be rigged up to take cattle. They generally put them between decks—that's under the big deck on which passengers promenade when she's a passenger ship, Oh, yes, cattle steamers carry passengers, too, and have good accommonassengers, too, and have good accommonasters.

neatly ruled stationery, a bale of glittering prospectuses, and, perhaps, a typewriter.
Colonel Ammon has no connection with the excloded Franklin Syndicate, he says; he is merely the lawyer of its fugitive chief, and the fact that some people might have taken the big, energetic, brown mustached Shlessinger for him disturbs am no more than the collapse of one of his companies.

Accidents, he will tell you, are likely to befall any man of affairs.

From the Philadelphia Call.

The tamily group were speaking of cats and their ways, and the peaceful looking grandmother was asked to say something.

The old lady smiled, for she is not often slighted when in the company of younger people, and consented to tell a story about a kitten she had when she was a child.

"You know." she said, "I had a stepfather, and he liked to see me working about the house instead of playing with a kitten, so he ordered me to throw it in the brook which ran through our meadow.

"I was forced to do it, though I cried a great deal, I threw it in three times, but the little thing struggled out each time and finally dragged itself home after me. Then I pleaded so much that I was allowed to keep it.

"From that time on it was kind of wild, not staying in the house, but skulking around the barn, when it was foll reven it he had the house, but skulking around the barn, when it was foll reven it began to kill our chickens, so my stepfather said it had to go. This time he caught it and drawed.

Loss of Cattle.

"We don't lose many cattle. I handled 5,000 last year and lost four. Two of them died from the heat while we were in dock on this side. It was devilish hot weather, and these fellows had been a week on the road in the cars. Cattle have to be allowed out of the cars every forty-eight hours, according to law, when they're coming across the country, but that don't all-ways save them in hot weather. The other two steers I lost was in a different way. One of them strangled himself with his headrope in the ship. They do get most outrageously tangled up at times. You can't imagine the ways they get caught. Two steers side by side will get horns and legs locked in the dumdest way, and you can't get 'em apart sometimes with all the tackle on the ship. If we get there in time we can cut the headrope and save them if they're choking-cattlemen carry a hatchet in their belts for cutting headropes in a hurry. The old bullock I'm speaking about broke his leg coming ashore at Birkenhead. Some careless hand in the ship's crew dropped a bit of timber in the far end of the alleyway, and this half-wild fellow—a big Colorado he was—in trying to leap it stumbled and broke his leg. However, we don't count cattle that way a loss to the firm. They're all insured for about \$100 apiece, and the insurance companies have to make good.

"Have I ever had any big losses? Well, yes. There's the Londonia went down in midocean. We lost everytning then-ship, cargo and all—not to speak of a boatload of our men. But I guess that aln't exactly what you mean. In the La Plata, now, I had 600 sheep on the spar deck swept overboard at one crack. That wasn't so bad, though; sheep don't count for so much. But I've had worse than that. These cartle I was speaking of on the Londonia and La Plata went down in a raging gale and died quick. Now I was on a big liner once—we won't call the ship by name because she's going yet and the same captain with hear. I had 250 head and the boss catileman of another firm had 250. We warn't very heavy that trip. It was in t "We don't lose many cattle. I handled 5,000 last year and lost four. Two of them died from the heat while we were in dock

# \$500 REWARD

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with Liverita, the Up-To-Date Little Liver Pill, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. 25c boxes contain 100 Pills, 10c boxes contain 40 Pills, 5c boxes contain 15 Pills. Beware of substitutions and imitations. Sent by mail. Stamps taken. Nervita Medical Co., Corner Clinton and Jackson Streets, Chicago, Ill.

> Sold in Kansas City, Mo., by Federmann & Hallar, 904 Main. H. C. Arnold & Co., 1107 Main and 5th and Main.

We put 630 over that way and let me tell you it was a tough sight. When they reached the gangway they smelled what was coming and they tried to hold back. But with the hook in the bight of the line we'd holst and they couldn't help themselves. After they were dropped over they turned and swam after the ship—we were going pretty slow at the time and some of those bullocks stayed with us a long time. We had them for miles, they looking up with their big eyes and trying to climb up the sides of the ship.

The Time of Passage.

"The old packet went on with lifeboa out and twenty-two feet of water in her out and twenty-two feet of water in her hold forward. 'Twas the big bulkhead saved her. She bumped her way across the ocean with her nose buried and her stern so high in the air the serew barely got hold. We had good weather and made Liverpool all right, and the captain got a gold medal. If I had my way he'd have lost his papers for throwing them cattle overboard. They could have pumped grain out of the hold just as well as not, but he was too excited, and so he's got 639 steers on his conscience. "Cattle steamers nowadays are pretty good-sized and fairly fast boats. Ten days from dock to dock is their usual schedule, but there's plenty of 'em that beat that time regularly. There's one cattle ship cruising the Western ocean regularly that

ing in companies whose visionary promoters and the mist of a special control of the colonel galloping sawy with a gold brick, that was really being in the product of the p

used for some purpose, and so is of some value. Altogether the firm gets about \$100, or maybe a little less, for a steer in a fair maybe decorded in the steed by Bishop Brewster, of Connnecticut, assisted by two clergymen.

The wedding to-day took place in Dr. Shernan's sown church and we deliby less that fair by Bishop Brewster, of Connnecticut, assisted by two clergymen.

The wedding to-day took ploads took own church and we deliby Bishop Brewster, of Connnecticut, assisted by two clergymen.

The wedding to-day took ploads in Dr. Shernan's own church and was first married in Terrington, conn. forty years ago, and has to see the more maybe daughters.

St. Paul's pulpit is to be filled by the from Troy,

We put 650 over that way and let me tell PULPIT FOR \$7,000,000 BRIDE.

The Rev. Mr. Henry M. Sherman, of A Hard-Luck Story That Bridgeport, 63 Years Old, Won Mrs. Leavenworth.

Bridgeport Special to New York World. Rev. Mr. Henry M. Sherman, at the age of 63, has won a bride 30 years his junior, worth \$7,000,000. The marriage took place

worth \$7,000,000. The marriage took place at noon to-day.

Mr. Sherman will not preach any more. He has given up his pulpit to devote himself to his wife. They will travel together. The minister married his bride once before. Then he was the rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church, but he was then the officiating clergyman, and not the brideg-oom as he was to-day. Then the present Mrs. Sherman was Miss Mary Perry, the daughter of William H. Perry, one of the richest men in Bridgeport.

She had fallen in love with Mark Leavenworth, a hardware dealer, whose store was just across Washington park from the Perry home. One night, thirteen years ago, Miss Perry slipped out of the house and Joined Leavenworth and the pair sought Mr. Sherman, who married them.

They returned to the bride's home to beg forgiveness, but Mr. Perry kicked Leavenworth out of the house. The young man made a home for his wife over his store and Mr. Perry married again. For ten years there was little co-munication between father and daughter. It was announced that she had been disinherited.

Mark Leavenworth died three years ago. Then Mr. Perry became blind. He sent for his daughter and she was devoted to him until his death last June.

Instead of giving his wilow the bulk of his fortune, Mr. Perry bequeathed her but \$250,000. He gave \$7,000,000 outright to his daughter.

THE LOST CHORD.

Bring Tears to Any Eyes.

From the Detroit Free Press.

He was industriously drawing a woolen cloth to and fro over my shoe.

"Know an'thin' bout coon songs?" he asked, as he breathed on the leather and pollshed it off again.

"A little, Why?"

asked, as he breathed on the leather and polished it off again.

"A little, Why?"

"Ah had de wo's piece o' bad luck yo' ever seen," he said. "Ah'd heard all these coon songs at de theaters an' me ah' de old lady we got ouah heads t gether fo' t' git up a coon song dat'd beat all dem odders half-way roun' de track. Ah got th' w'uds in ma head; ma coco was full o' w'uds, an' dat alah was as cleah in ma head as ma name. I sung de fus' vehrse ovah to de ol' lady, an' she said: 'Say, boy, but dat's a swell song; yo's boun' t' hit 'em hahd wi' dat song, honey, an' no mistake.' Den I sez: 'Wheah's de pen an' ink?' An' dey wasn't none. I takes me hat fo' t' go ovah to de avenoo fo' t' git some ink an' a sheet o' papah an' when I brings it home an' sets down at de table fo' t' write out dat song an' alah, every bit o' both had lef' my min'. Ah aln' been able t' recollec' eider one o' dem sence. Now, if dat ain' hahd luck den dis niggah doan' know what hahd luck means. Gimme yo' othah foot!"

The End of Football.

The End of Football.

From Collier's Weekly.

The proprietor of a certain "sports emporium" toward the close of last season had a good many footballs left on his hands. These he decided to clear "at greatly reduced prices." He filled his window with footballs of every shape, size and quality. Before he had finished he was called away, and turning to a young lady assistant he instructed her to affix the price of each football in plain figures.

The young lady did so, and when her employer returned some little time later a wonderful sight awaited him. Most of the footballs looked as if they had been taking part in a very rough match, while the once beautiful pyramid of balls in the center of the window was now a shapeless mass.

"Here Miss R.—." roared the trades.

"Here, Miss B "Here, Miss B—, roared the trades-man, "what on earth's the matter with these balls?"
"Don't know, sir," was the reply, "un-less it's the puns, sir!" She had pinned the price tickets on to them.

The Telephone To-day.

The telephone has become a necessity of modern life, and whatever tends to cheapen the telephone service and enlarge its sphere of operations deserves support and encouragement. There has been a rapid increase of independent telephone commandes. It is agement. There has been a rapid increase of independent telephone companies. It is stated that the close of this year will see 3,500 independent telephone exchanges in operation, having over 750,000 instruments. In 1880 there were under rental use in the country 90,573 telephones. One year later the number had increased to 132,582. In 1893 the number of telephones in use was over 1,000,000. In 1885 there was in use in the various systems and modes of building 137,223 miles of telephone wire. At the beginning of this year the mileage had increased to 1,158,000 miles. The use of the telephone is more common in the United States than in any other country. in any other country.

The Good

Samaritan

of the 20th Century

Thousands of people have started on life's journey only

to be robbed of their health by thieves and robbers, com-

monly known as "Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness," and

the two brothers, "Kidney trouble" and "Liver trouble," and

are left by the "wayside" to die. But hark! footsteps

are heard in the distance. One says, "Perhaps it's a

friend." Yes, and here it is, the "good Samaritan"-

ANTI-PILL!

which has rescued thousands of people from the cold

and clammy clutches of just such robbers of health as

"Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Kidney and Liver trouble."

To the readers of this paper we wish to say, if you are

one of the unfortunate people by the "wayside," why

not let the "Good Samaritan" ANTI-PILL come to your rescue and put the robbers and thieves to flight? You

owe it to yourself and your family (if you have one) to

keep this Good Samaritan with you constantly. The

cost of its services is small as compared with the cost

of damage done by modern robbers of good health. For further information inquire of your nearest druggist or

ANTI-PILL CO.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

#### SAVED REJOICE

Young Lady Was for Years Followed by a Malignant and

THE ENEMY IN OUR MIDST.

If the average reader of the daily papers asks why so much is said by Dr. Hume re-specting Catarrhal Consumption, the answer is at once forthcoming. It is estimated that 9 per cent of the American people are afflicted with it. The neglect of proper treatment brings in its train many disorders. It is the source of many other complaints, and yet few of those suffering from it recognize the fact. A bright and attractive young lady makes this statement in an interview with a reporter:



"My name is Myrtle Ely. I reside at 409 Landis court, 18th and Broadway, Kansas City, Mo. I had been suffering from Ca-tarrh and had all the painful symptoms of tarrh and had all the painful symptoms of that unpleasant aliment. (was advised to see Dr. Hume, by my sister, whom he has cured of Catarrh, and about two months ago I consulted him, and I rejoice to say after his treatment life bears a different aspect. The following is the description of my condition before treatment and how I now feel. Conclusive evidence is rendered to show what it has done for me:

Before Treatment.

"I was always sleepless, had unpleasant dreams, tired and dull, hearing impaired, dropping in my throat, twoice husky. Nose stuffed up, hawking as a bell, nose clear, up offensive matter, no hawking or spiting, appetite poor, in my breath was bad, gagging and vomiting, appetite poor, in the summer of the

DOES THIS APPLY TO YOU?

"As ice melts before the summer sun."
so catarrh yields to the painless

|Steam Atomizer."

No Sawing of Bones. No Agonizing Treatment. No Nauseating Drugs.

Pleasant, safe and positive in its results. The past unfortunate experience of many suffering from Chronic Catarrh has fortified them in the belief that they are infied them in the belief that they are in-curable. Dr. Hume does not claim any marvelous power, but by his new and scientific methods of treating catarrh he has and does cure this disease as well as Bronchial and Lung Troubles. He makes catarrh a specialty because it is the most prevalent and annoying disease the people of this climate are subject to.



CATARRH INTO CONSUMPTION.

CATARRH INTO CONSUMPTION.

Since Dr. Hume has located in this city he has treated with success hundreds of persons whose Lung troubles other physicians have told them were incurable. Does he not publish from week to week in the daily papers testimonials from some of his many grateful patients, giving in each case the full name and address of the person making the statement, that the doubting and skeptical may call and interview the said person prior to visiting the doctor's office for consultation? The persons advertised as cured are by no means obscure or unknown, but in the majority of cases citizens well known by the business people and community at large, and it will more than repay any one suffering from catarrhal complications to visit those whose statements are published.

Delays are dangerous, for the catarrhal poison once deeply rooted in the system, incalculable evils follow. Trouble is fore-told by pains in the chest, constant hawking to clear the throat, weakness of the general system, pain over the eyes, poor appetite, loss of flesh, nervousness, cough, chills and fever, catarrhal discharges, hemorrhage, night sweats and many other symptoms of degeneration of the tissues. orrhage, night sweats and many other symptoms of degeneration of the tissues Be warned in time, and ascertain your conbefore the incurable stage is reached

Dr. Charles Hume, the eminent specialist, offices are at 1619 Walnut street, Kansas City, Mo., where all chronic diseases are treated and cured with equal success. Write for question blank. Consultation and examination free. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 8 p. m.; Sundays, 9 a. m. to 1 p. m.

Stove Repairs!

S. A. METZNER, 304 W. 6th St. KANSAS CITY. MO. THE HABIT



Of using the telephone instead of sending a messenger or writing a letter is increasing very rapidly. S Cents a Day will put a telephone in your nouse and give you access to nearly 5,000 other telephones in Kansas City. I and KANSAS TELEPHONE CO.

## The Triumph of Love is Happy, Fruitful Marriage.

Every man who would know the grand truth, plain facts, the new discoveries of medical science as applied to married life; who would atone for past errors and avoid future pitfalls, should secure the wonderful little book called

#### "Complete Manhood and How to Attain It."

No Money in Advance Treatment on Trial

and

Approval.

that must WORK WONDERS with this generation of men.' The book fully describes a method by which to attain

To cure nervousness, lack of self-control, despondency, etc To exchange a jaded and worn nature for one of bright-

To give full strength, development and tone to every portion and organ of the body.

We send one full month's Remedies of wonderful power, and a marvelous Appliance to strengthen and develop, on trial and approval, without pay, deposit or obligation. No exposure, no "collect on delivery" scheme—no decep-

A despairing man who had applied to us, soon after wrote: "Well, I tell you that first day is one I'll never forget. I just bubbled with joy. I wanted to hug everybody and tell them that my old self had died yesterday and my new self was born today. Why didn't you tell me when I first wrote that I would find it this way?" And another wrote thus: "If you dumped a cartload of gold at my feet it would not bring such gladness into my life as your method has done."

In answering be sure and mention this paper, and the company promises to send the book in sealed envelope without any marks, and entirely free of charge. Write to the ERIF MEDICAL COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y., and ask for the little book called "COMPLETE MANHOOD."

"Here at last is information from a high medical source full vigor and manly power.

A method to end all unnatural drains on the system. ness, buoyancy and power.

Age no barrier. Failure impossible. The book, is PURELY MEDICAL AND SCIENTIFIC. useless to curiosity seekers, invaluable TO MEN ONLY WHO NEED IT.

Free Trial Treatment